

A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS,

In Two Volumes ;

Being all the Miscellanies of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, which were Publish'd by himself in the Year 1609. and now correctly Printed from those Editions.

The Second Volume, which contains

- I. One Hundred and Fifty Four Sonnets, all of them in Praise of his Mistress.
- II. A Lover's Complaint of his Angry Mistress.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the Cross-Keys,
between the Two Temple-Gates in *Fleet-
street*.

COLLECTION OF POEMS

In Two Volumes;



Being all the Poems of Mr. William
Shakespeare, as they are
printed in the First Folio Edition.
First Printed in 1616.

The Second Volume, which contains
I. One Hundred and fifty-four Sonnets, all
of them in Print of his Majesty.
II. A fourth Collection of his Anagramms.
Printed in 1619.

16
1
546

Printed by Iohn Iaggard, at the
Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.
1619.

TO. THE. ONLY. BEGETTER. OF:
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS:
Mr. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE:
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE:
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR. EVER. LIVING. POET:
WISHETH.

THE. WELL-WISHING:
ADVENTVRER. IN:
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF
THESE INSURGENT SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESS!
AND THAT ETERNITY.
PROMISED.

BY

OUR EVER-LIVING POET.

WISHETH.

THE WELL-WISHING.

ADVENTURER IN

SETTLING.

FOR HIM

T. T.

B
H
B
F
M
T
T
A
W
A



SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties *Rose* might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory :
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with self substantiall fewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell :
Thou that art now the Worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud buriest thy contest,
And tender chorle mak'st wast in niggarding :
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

R

When

/II.

WHen fortie Winters shall beseige thy brow,
 And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
 Thy Youths proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
 Will be a totter'd weed of small worth held:
 Then being askt, where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lussy dales;
 To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
 How much more praise deseru'd thy Beauties vse,
 If thou couldst answere, this faire child of mine,
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,
 Prouing his beautie by succession thine.

This were to be new made when thou art ould,
 And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could.

III.

Look in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
 Now is the time that face should form an other,
 Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
 Thou doo'st beguile the world, vnbleste some mother.
 For where is she so faire whose vn-eard wombe
 Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
 Of his selfe-loue to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
 Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
 So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
 Dispyght of wrinkles this thy goulden time.

But

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

3

But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

IV.

VNthrifty louelineſſe why doſt thou ſpend,
Vpon thy ſelfe thy beauties legacy ?

Natures bequeſt gives nothing but doth lend,
And being franck the lends to thoſe are free :
Then beautious nigard why dooſt thou abuſe,
The bountious largeſſe given thee to give ?
Profitles vſerer why dooſt thou uſe,
So great a ſumme of ſummes yet can'ſt not liue ?
For having traffike with thy ſelfe alone,
Thou of thy ſelfe thy ſweet ſelfe doſt deceaue,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *Audit* can'ſt thou leaue ?

Thy unus'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which uſed liues th' executor to be.

V.

Thoſe howers that with gentle worke did frame,
The lovely gaze where euery eye doth dwell

Will play the tirants to the very ſame,
And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell :
For never reſting time leads Summer on,
To hidious Winter and confounds him there ;
Sap checkt with froſt and luſtie leau's quite gon.
Beauty ore-ſnow'd and barenes every where,
Then were not ſummers diſtillation left
A liquid priſoner pent in walls of glaſſe,

B 2

Beau.

Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.
 But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,
 Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

VI.

Then let not winters wragged hand deface,
 In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd :
 Make sweet some viall ; treasure thou some place,
 With beauties treasure ere it be self kill'd :
 That vse is not forbidden vsery,
 Which happies those that pay the willing lone ;
 That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
 Ten times thyselfe were happier then thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
 Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,
 Leauing thee living in posterity ?
 Be not selfe-wild for thou art much-too faire,
 To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

VII.

Loe in the Orient when the gracious light,
 Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
 Seruing with lookes his sacred Maiesty,
 And hauing climb'd the steepe up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his goulden pilgrimage :

Put

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

5

But when from high-moſt pitch with wery ear,
Like feeble age he reelcth from the day,
The eyes (fore dutious) now conuerted are
From his low tract and look an other way :

So thou, thy ſelfe out-going in thy noon:
Vnlok'd on dieſt unleſſe thou get a ſonne.

VIII.

MVſick to heare, why hear'ſt thou muſick ſadly,
Sweets with ſweets warre not, joy delights in joy:
Why lou'ſt thou that which thou receauſt not gladly,
Or elſe receauſt with pleaſure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned ſounds,
By vnions married do offend thine care,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſſe the parts that thou ſhould'ſt beare:
Marke how one ſtring ſweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Reſembling ſier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſſe ſong being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee thou ſingle wilt proue none.

IX.

IS it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thy ſelf in ſingle life?
Ah; if thou iſſueſſe ſhalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makeleſſe wife,
The world will be thy widdow and ſtill weepe, ●
That thou no forme of thee haſt left behind,

B 3

When

When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,
 By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde;
 Looke what an vnthrif in the world doth spend
 Shifts but his place, for still the world injoyes it,
 But beauties waste hath in the World an end,
 And kept vnvse the vsr so destroyes it:

No loue toward others in that bosome sits

That on himselfe such murtherous shame commits,

X.

FOr shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any,
 Who for thy selfe art so vnprovident,
 Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
 But that thou none lou'st is most euident:
 For thou art so possess'd with murtherous hate,
 That gainst thy selfe thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beautilous roose to ruinate
 Which to repaire should be thy chief desire:
 O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
 Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?
 Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
 Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,
 • Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,
 That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

XI:

AS fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
 And that fresh blood which yongly thou bestow'st,
 Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest,
 Here:

Herein liues wifdome, beauty, and increafe,
Without this follie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded fo, the times fhould ceafe,
And threefcoore yeare would make the world away :
Let thofe whom nature hath not made for ftore,
Harfh, featureleffe, and rude, barrenly perrifh,
Looke whom ſhe beſt indow'd, ſhe gaue the more ;
Which bountious giſt thou ſhouldſt in bounty cherrifh,
She caru'd thee for her ſeale, and ment therby,
Thou ſhouldſt print more, not let that coppy die.

XII.

When I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And ſee the braue day ſunk in hidious night,
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls or ſiluer'd ore with white :
When lofty trees I ſee barren of leaues,
Which erſt from heat did canopie the herd,
And Sommers greene all girded vp in ſheaues
Borne on the beare with white and briſtly beard :
Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt goe,
Since ſweets and beauties do themſelues forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow,
And nothing gainſt Times ſieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him, when he take thee hence.

XIII.

O That you were your ſelfe, but loue you are
No longer yours, then you your ſelfe here liue,

Against this cumming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other giue.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination, then you were
 You selfe again after your selves decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare,
 Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
 Against the stormy gusts of winters day
 And barren rage of deathis eternall cold?
 O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,
 You had a Father, let your Son say so.

KIV.

NOr from the stars do I my iudgement plucke,
 And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,
 But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,
 Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;
 Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
 Or say with Princes if it shal go wel
 By oft predict that I in heauen finde.
 But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,
 And constant stars in them I read such art
 As truth and beautie shall together thriue
 If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst conuert:
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

When

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

XV.

When I consider euery thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shewes
Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.
When I perceiue that men as plants increase,
Cheered and checkt euen by the self-same skie:
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And were their braue state out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wastfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And all in war with Time for loue of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre vpon this bloudie tirant time?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay
With meanes more blessed then my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happie houtes,
And many maiden gardens yet vnset,
With vertuous wish would beare you liuing flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,

To

To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
And you must liue drawne by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will beleue my verse in time to come
If it were filld with your most high deserts?
Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this Poet lies,
Such heavenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a Poets rage,
And stretched miter of an Antique song,
But were some childe of yours aliue that time,
You should liue twise in it, and in my rime.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a Summers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of May,
And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire sometime declines,
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd;
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,

Nor

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

11

Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

XIX.

Deuouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phœnix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeeding men.

Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong,
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

XX.

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling;
Gilding the object where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,
Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth.

And

And for a woman wert thou first created,
 Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prickt thee out for Womens pleasure,
 Mine be thy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

XXI.

SO is it not with me as with that Muse,
 Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven it selfe for ornament doth vse,
 And euery fair with his faire doth reherse,
 Making a coopelment of proud compare
 With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:
 With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
 That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
 O let me true in loue but truly write,
 And then beleue me, my loue is as faire,
 As any mothers childe, though not so bright
 As those Gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:
 Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
 I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

MY glasse shall not perswade me I amould,
 So long as youth and thou art of one date,
 But when in thee times forrowes I behould,
 Then look I death my daies should expiate.
 For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
 Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,

Which

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

13

Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me.

How can I then be elder then thou art?

O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,

As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,

Bearing thy heart which I will keep so chary

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,

Presume not on thy heart when mine is flaine,

Thou gau'st me thine not to give back againe.

XXIII

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage,

Who with his feare is but besides his part,

Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,

Whose strength abondance weakens his owne heart;

So I for feare of trust, forget to say,

The perfect ceremony of loues right,

And in mine own loues strength seem to decay,

Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might;

O let my books be then the eloquence,

And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,

Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,

More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.

O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,

To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,

Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,

And perspective it is best Painters art.

For

For through the Painter must you see his skill,
 To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,
 Which in my bosomes shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
 Now see what good-turnes eyes for eyes haue done,
 Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
 Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee,
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
 They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

XXV.

L Et those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of publike honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I whome fortune of such tryumph bars
 Vnlook't for joy in that I honour most;
 Great Princes favorites their faire leaues I spread,
 But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
 And in them-selues their pride lies buried,
 For at a frowne they in their glory die.
 The paineful warriour famosed for worth,
 After a thousand victories once foild,
 Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toild:
 Then happy I that loue and am beloued
 Where I may not remoue, nor be removed.

XXVI.

L Ord of my loue, to whome in vassalage
 Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit;

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

15

To thee I send this written ambassage
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;
But that I hope some good conceipt of thine
In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it:
Til whatsoever star that guides my mouing,
Points on me graciously with faire aspect,
And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,
To show me worthy of their sweet respect,
Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,
Til then, not show my head where thou maist proue me.

XXVII.

WEary with toyle, I hast me to my bed,
The deare repose for lims with trauaill tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.
Saue that my soules imaginary sight
Presents their shaddoe to my fightles view,
Which like a iewell (hunge in gassly night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

How

XXVIII.

HOw can I then returne in happy plight
 That am debard the benefit of rest?
 When daies oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night and night by day oppress.
 And each (though enemies to others raigne)
 Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toyle, the other to complaine
 How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
 And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
 So flatter I the swart complexion'd night,
 When sparkling stars twine not thou guil'st the' eauen.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer, (stronger
 And night doth nightly make griefes length seeme

XXIX.

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
 And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,
 And lookè vpon my selfe and curse my fate.
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with Friends possess'd,
 Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
 With what I most injoy contented least,
 Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
 Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,
 (Like to the Larke at break of day arising)
 From sullen Earth sings himns at Heauens gate,

For thy sweet loue remembered such welth brings,
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

XXX.

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
I figh the lacke of many a thing I fought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:
Then can I drowne an eye (vnvs'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,
And mone th'expençe of many a vannisht sight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemored mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I think on thee (deare Friend)
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

THY bosome is indeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,
And all those Friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath dear religious Love stolne from mine eye,
As interest of the dead which now appeare
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.
Thou art the grave where buried Loue doth liue,
Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,

C

Who

Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
 That due of many now is thine alone,
 Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

IF thou suruiue my well contented daie,
 When that churle death my bones with dust shall co-
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survay
 These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer :
 Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
 And though they be out-stript by euery pen,
 Referue them for my loue, not for their rime,
 Exceeded by the hight of happier Men.
 Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought,
 Had my friends Muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
 To march in ranckes of better Equipage :
 But since he died and Poets better proue,
 Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I seene,
 Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine cie,
 Kissing with golden face the meadowes greene ;
 Guilding pale streames with heavenly alcumy :
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
 With ougly rack on his coelestial face,
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide,
 Stealing vnscene to west with this disgrace :

Euen

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

19

Euen so my Sunne one early mornē did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth, (eth.
Suns of the world may flaine, when heauens sun stain-

XXXIV.

WHY didst thou promise such a beautilous day,
And make me travaile forth without my cloake
To let base Cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.
'Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salue can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame give phisicke to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I have still the losse,
Th'offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that bears the strong offenses losse.
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds,
And they are rich, and ransome all ill deeds.

XXXV.

NO more bee greeu'd at that which thou hast done,
Roses have thornes, and siluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,

My self corrupting saluing thy amisse,
 Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
 For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
 Thy aduerse party is thy Aduocate,
 And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
 Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
 That I an accessary needs must be
 To that sweet theefe which soursely robs from me.

XXXVI.

LET me confesse that we two must be twaine,
 Although our undeuided loues are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
 Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loues there is but one respect,
 Though in our liues a seperable spight,
 Which though it alter not loues sole effect,
 Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loues delight,
 I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
 Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
 Nor thou with publike kindness honour me,
 Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
 But do not so, I louethee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

AS a decrepit Father takes delight,
 To see his actiue Child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth,

For

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

21

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all or more
Intituled in their parts, do crowned sit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poore, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue :
 Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
 This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

XXXVIII.

HOW can my Muse want subject to inuent
While thou dost breath that poor't into my verse,
Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearse :
Oh giue thy selfe the thanks if ought in me,
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy selfe dost giue Inuention light ?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Then those old nine, which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee let him bring forth
Eternal Numbers to out-liue long date.

 If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,
 The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

XXXIX.

OH how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;
 And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee?
 Euen for this let us deuided liue,
 And our deare loue loose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may giue
 That due to thee which thou deseru'st alone:
 Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,
 Were it not thy soure leifure gaue sweete leaue
 To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue.
 And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
 By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

XL.

TAke all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
 What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?
 No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more;
 Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou v'stest,
 But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest
 By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refuseth.
 I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
 Although thou steale thee all my pouerty
 And yet loue knowes it is a greater grieve
 To beare loves wrong, then hates knowne injury.

Laf.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shewes,
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

XXI.

THose pretty wrongs that Liberty commits,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,
Thy beautie and thy yeares full well befits,
For still temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.
And when a woman woes, what woman's sonne
Will sorely leave her till he have preuailed.
Aye me, but yet thou mightst my seate forbear.
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot euen there
Where thou art forst to breake a two-folde truth:
Hers by thy beautie tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie being false to me.

XLII.

THat thou hast her it is not all my grieve,
And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling chiefe,
A losse in loue that touches me more neerly.
Louing offenders thus I will excuse yee,
Thou dost loue her because thou knowst I loue her,
And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me,
Suffring my friend, for my sake to approoue her,
If I loose thee my losse is my loues gaine,
And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,

Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
 And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
 But here's the Joy, my Friend and I are one,
 Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine Eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things vnrespected,
 But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
 And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
 Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
 How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
 To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
 When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
 By looking on thee in the liuing day?
 When in dead night their fair imperfect shade,
 Through heauy sleepe on fightlesse eyes doth stay?
 All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way,
 For then dispight of space I would be brought
 From limits far remote where thou doost stay,
 No matter then although my foote slid stand
 Vpon the farthest earth remou'd from thee,
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soone as thinke the place where he would be.

But

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

25

But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend times leasure with my mone.

Receiuing naughts by elements so sloe,
But heauie teares, badges of eithers woe.

XLV.

THE other two, slight ayre and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,

The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present absent with swift motion slide,
For when these quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embassie of loue to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death opprest with melancholie,
Vntil liues composition be recured,
By those swift Messengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe assured
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.

This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and Heart are at a mortall warre,
How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,
Mine eye my heart their pictures fight would barre,
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
(A closet never pearst with cristall eyes)

But

But the Defendant doth that plea deny,
 And sayes in him their fair Appearance lyes.
 To side this Title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The cleere eyes moitie, and the deare hearts part.
 As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
 And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

XLVII.

BEtwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
 And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
 When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,
 Or heart in loue, with sighes himself doth smother;
 With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
 And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.
 So either by the picture or my loue,
 Thy selfe away, are present still with me,
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst moue,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.
 Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

XLVIII.

HOW carefull was I when I tooke my way,
 Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,
 That to my vse it might vn-vsed stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?

But

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy Comfort, now my greatest griefe,
Thou best of deereft, and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.
Thee haue I not lock'd vp in any chest,
Saue where thou art not though I feele thou art
Within the gentle closure of my brest,
From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
For truth proues theeulish for a prize so deate.

XLIX.

Against that time (if euer that time come)
When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath cast his utmost summe,
Could to that audite by aduis'd respects,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely greete me with that sunne thine eye,
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
Shall reasons finde of settled grauitie.
Against that time do I insconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne defart,
And this my hand against my selfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
To leave poore me thou hast the strength of lawes,
Since why to loue, I can alledge no cause.

HOW

L

HOW heatie do I journey on the way,
 When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end,)
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
 Thus farre the miles are measurede from thy friend.
 The beast that beares me, tir'd with my woe,
 Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee :
 The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,
 That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heauily he answers with a grone,
 More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
 For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
 My greefe lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.

THUS can my loue excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
 From where thou art, why should I hast me thence,
 Till I returne of posting is no need.
 O what excuse will my poore beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seeme but slow,
 Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know,
 Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
 Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
 Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
 But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my jade,

Shakespeare's Sonnets

19

Since from thee going, he went wilful slow,
Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

LII.

SO am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not euery hower suruay,
For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure,
Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,
Like Stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or capitaine Jewels in the Carconet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the Wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some speciall instant special blest,
By new vnfolding his imprison'd pride:

Blessed are you whose worthinefs giues skope,
Being had to tryumph, being lack'd to hope.

LIII.

WHat is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend ?
Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade,
And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:
Describe *Adonis*, and the counterfet
Is poorely immitated after you,
On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set,
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new :
Speak of the Spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
The one doth shaddow of your Beautie show,

The

The other as your bountie doth appeare,
 And you in euery blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you for constant heart,

LIV.

OH how much more doth beauty beautious seeme,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
 The Rose looks faire, but fairer we it deeme
 For that sweet odor which doth in it liue :
 The Cankerbloomes haue full as deepe a die,
 As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
 Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
 When sommers breath their masked buds discloses :
 But for their virtue only is their show,
 They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet Roses do not so,
 Of their sweet deathes are sweetest odors made :
 And so of you, beautious and louely youth,
 When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.

LV.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monument,
 Of Princes shall out-liue this powreful rime ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than vnwept stone, besmeer'd with fluttish time,
 When wastefull warre shall Statues ouer-turne,
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne :
 The liuing record of your memory.

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

31

Gainst death, and all obliuious annie,
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall fill single room,
Euen in the eyes of all posterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the judgement that your selfe shall see,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

LVI.

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be then appetite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaled,
To morrow sharpened in his former might.
So loue be thou, although to day thou fill
Thy hungry eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse;
Too morrow see againe; and doe not kill
The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:
Let this sad *Interim* like the Ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the bankes that when they see:
Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.
As cal it Winter, which being full of care,
Makes Sommers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more

LVII.

Being your slaue what should I doe but tend,
Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?
I haue no precious time at al to spend,
Nor seruices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my soueraigne) watch the clock for you,
Not

Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre,
 When you have bid your seruant once adieu,
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affaires suppose,
 But like a sad slave stay and thinke of nought
 Saue where you are, how happy you make those:
 So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

THat God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought controul your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of Hours to craue,
 Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.
 Oh let me suffer, (being at your beck)
 Th'imprison'd absence of your libertie,
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 That you your selfe may priuiledge your time
 To what you will, to you it doth belong,
 Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.
 I am to waite, tho' waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

LIX.

IF there bee nothing new, but that which is,
 Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
 Which laboring for inuention beare amisse
 The second burthen of a former child?

Oh that record could with a backward looke,
 Euen of five hundred courses of the Sunne,
 Show me your image in some antique booke,
 Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame,
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,
 Or whether reuolution be the same.
 Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
 To subjects worse have giuen admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pibled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end,
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toile all forwards do contend.
 Natiuity once in the maine of light,
 Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gaue doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
 And delues the Paralels in beauties brow,
 Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
 And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow.
 And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruell hand.

D

Is

LXI.

IS it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open
 My heauy eielids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
 Is it thy Spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So farre from home into my deads to pry,
 To find out shames and idle houres in me,
 The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?
 O no, thy loue, though much, is not so great,
 It is my loue that keeps mine eie awake,
 Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
 To plaie the watch-man ever for thy sake,
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me farre of, with others all to neere.

LXII.

Sinne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,
 And all my soule, and all my euery part;
 And for this sinne there is no remedie,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart,
 Methinkes no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
 Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
 Mine owne selfe-loue quite contrary I read
 Selfe so selfe louing were Iniquity.

'Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

LXIII.

Against my loue shall be as I am now
With times injurious hand chiselt and ore-worne,
When houres haue dreind his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wringles, when his youthfull morne
Hath travail'd on to Ages sleepeie night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's King
Are vanishing, or vanish out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring,
For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding Ages cruel knife,
That he shall neuer cut from memory
My sweet lous beauty, though my louters life.
His beauty shall in these blackelines be seene;
And they shall liue, and he in them still Greene.

LXIV.

When I haue seen by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworne buried Age,
When sometime loftie towers mee downe rased,
And brasse eternall flaue to mortall rage.
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
And the firm Soile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store:
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,

Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminatē
 That Time will come and take my loue away.
 This thought is as a death which cannot chooſe
 But weepe to haue, that which it feares to looſe.

LXV.

Since braſſe, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſſe ſea
 But ſad mortality ore-ſwaies their power,
 How with this rage ſhall beautie hold a plea,
 Whoſe action is no ſtronger then a flower?
 Ohow ſhall ſummers hunny breath hold out
 Againſt the wrackful ſiedge of battring dayes,
 When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtoute,
 Nor Gates of ſteele ſo ſtrong but time decayes?
 O feareful meditation, where alack,
 Shall times beſt Jewell from times cheſt lie hid?
 Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwifte foote back,
 Or who his ſpoile or beautie can forbid?
 O none, vnleſſe this miracle haue might,
 That in black inck my loue may ſtill ſhine bright.

LXVI.

TYr'd with all theſe for reſtfull death I cry,
 As to behold deſerte a begger borne,
 And needie Nothing trimd in jollitie,
 And pureſt faith vnhappily forſworne,
 And gilded honor ſhamefully miſplaſt,
 And maiden vertue rudely ſtrumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
 And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,

And

And arte made young-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicities,
And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.

Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

LXVII.

AH wherefore with infection should he liue,
And with his presence grace impietie,
That sinne by him aduantage should atchieue,
And lace it selfe with his societie?
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,
And steale dead seeing of his lining hew?
Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke
Roses of shaddow, since his Rose is true?
Why should he liue now nature banckrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,
For he hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, liues upon his gaines?
O him she stores, to show what welch she had,
In daies long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

THus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow;
Before the goulden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,

To liue a second life on second head,
 Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
 In him those holy antique bowers are scene,
 Without all ornament, it selfe and true,
 Making no summer of an others Greene,
 Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To shew faulse Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

THose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
 All tounge (the voice of Soules) giue thee that end,
 Vttring bare truth, even so as foes commend,
 Their outward thus with outward praise is crown'd,
 But those same tounge that giue thee so thine owne,
 In other accents doe this praise confound
 By seeing farther than the eye hath showne,
 They looke into the beautie of thy mind,
 And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,
 Then churls their thoughts (altho' their eyes were kind)
 To thy faire flower add the rancke smell of weeds,
 But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
 The solye is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

THat thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect
 For slanders marke was euer yet the faire,
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre,

So thou be good, slander doth but approue
 Their worth the greater, being woo'd of time,
 For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,
 And thou present'st a pure vnslayned prime.
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
 Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,
 Yet this thy praise cannot be foe thy praise,
 To tye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,
 If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

NOe longer mourne for me when I am dead,
 Then you shall heare the surly fullen Bell
 Giue warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vildest wormes to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
 But let your loue euen with my life decay.
 Least the wise world should looke into your mone,
 And mocke you with me after I am gon.

LXXII.

O Least the world should taske you to recite
 What merit liu'd in me that you should loue
 After my death (deare loue) forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy proue.
 Vnlesse you would deuise some yertuous lye,
 To doe more for me than mine owne desert,
 And hang more praise vpon deceased I,
 Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
 O least your true loue may seeme false in this,
 That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few do hange
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,
 Barren'wd quiets, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Death's second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourisht by.

This

This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong
To loue that well which thou must leaue e're long.

LXXIV.

BVt be contented when that fell arrest,
Without all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.
When thou reuwest this, thou dost renew
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
My spirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretches knife,
To base of thee to be remembred,
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As twixt a Miser and his wealth is found :
Now proud as an injoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a looke,
Possessing

Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had, or must from you be took:
 Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange:
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
 That euery word doth almost sell my name,
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know sweet loue I always write of you,
 And you and loue are still my argument:
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the Sun is daily new and old,
 So is my loue still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

THY glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
 Thy dyall how thy precious mynuits waste,
 The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,
 And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
 The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show,
 Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,
 Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know
 Times theu with progress to eternitie.

Looke

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

43

Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde
Those children nurs't, deliuer'd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy booke.

LXXVIII

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such faire assistance in my verse,

As euery *Alien* pen hath got my vse,
And vnder thee their poesie disperse.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,

And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,

Haue added fethers to the learneds wing,

And giuen grace a double Maieslie.

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,

Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee;

In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,

And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.

But thou art all my art, and doost aduance

As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

LXXIX

WHilst I alone did call vpon thy ayde,

My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,

But now my gracious numbers are decayde,

And my sick Muse doth give an other place.

I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument

Deserues the trausile of a worthier pen,

Yet

Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent,
 He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,
 He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour, beautie doth he giue
 And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth liue.
 Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thy self doost pay.

LXXX.

O How I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might
 To make me tounge-tide speaking of your fame.
 But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
 The humble as the proudest faile doth beare,
 My lawfie barke (inferiour farre to his)
 On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
 Your shallowest helpe will hold me up a floate,
 Whilst he upon your soundlesse deepe doth ride,
 Or (being wrack'd) I am a worthlesse bote,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrue, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

LXXXI.

OR I shall liue your Epitaph to make,
 Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.

Your

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

45

Your Name from hence immortal life shall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombd in mens eyes shall lye,
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,
And tongs to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen)
Where breath most breaths, euen in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
I And therefore maist without attaint ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers vse
Of their faire subject, blessing euery booke.
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,
Some fresher stampe of the time bettering days,
And do so loue, yet when they haue deuilde
What strained touches Rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly simpathizde
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their grosse painting might be better us'd,
Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I Neuer saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your faire no painting set.
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed
 The barren tender of a Poets debt :
 And therefore haue I slept in your report,
 That you your selfe being extant well might show,
 How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
 This silence for my sinne you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory being dombe,
 For I impaire not beautie being mute,
 When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
 Their liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
 Then both your Poets can in praise deuise.

LXXXIV.

WHO is it that sayes most, which can say more,
 Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,
 In whose confine immured is the store,
 Which should example where your equall grew,
 Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory,
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but coppy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so cleere,
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
 Making his stile admired euery where.

You

You to your beaunious blessings adde a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

MY tounge-tide Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise richly compil'd.
Reserue their Character with goulden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
And like vnletter'd clarke still crie Amen,
To euery hymne that able Spirit affords,
In polisht forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whose loue to you
(Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,
Then others, for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

WAS it the proud full faile of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearse,
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Aboue a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night,
Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished.
He nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,

As Victors of my silence cannot boast,
 I was not sicke of any feare from thence.
 But when your countenance filld vp his line,
 Then lack'd I matter, that infeebl'd mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell, thou art too deare for my possessing,
 And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
 The Charter of thy worth giues thee releasing :
 My bonds in thee are all determinate :
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
 And for that ritches where is my deseruing ?
 The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
 And so my pattent back again is sweruing.
 Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,
 Or mee to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking,
 So thy great guift vpon misprision growing,
 Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.
 Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
 In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'de to set me light,
 And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
 Vpon thy side, against my selfe ile fight,
 And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne :
 With mine owne weaknesse being best acquainted,
 Vpon thy part I can set downe a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted :
 That thou in loosing me, shall win much glory.

And

And I by this will be a gainer too,
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
The iniuries that to my selfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, duple vantage me.

Such is my loue, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

LXXXIX.

SAY that thou didst forsake mee for some falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence :

Speake of my lamenesse ,and I straight will halt :
Against thy reasons making no defence.

Thou canst not (loue) disgrace me halfe so ill,
To set a forme vpon desired change,

As ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,

I will acquaintance strangle, and looke strange:

Be absent from thy walkes, and in my tongue,

Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,

Least I (too much profane) should do it wronge :

And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against my selfe, ile vow debate,

For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

THen hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,

Now while the worlde is bent my deeds to crosse,

Boyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,

And doe not drop in for an after losse :

Ah doe not, when my heart hath scape this sorrow,

Come in the rereward of a conquest woe,

Give not a windie night a rainie morrow,
 To linger out a purposed over-throw.
 If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,
 When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,
 But in the onset come, so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of Fortunes might.
 And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
 Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

XCL

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodie force,
 Some in their Garments, though new-fangled ill:
 Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse
 And euery humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
 Wherein it findes a ioy about the rest:
 But these perticulers are not my measure,
 All these I better in one generall best.
 Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,
 Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
 Of more delight than Hawkes or Horses bee:
 And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

BUT doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
 For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer then thy loue will stay,
 For it depends vpon that loue of thine.

Then

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

51.

Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end,
I see a better state to me belongs
Then that which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy lone, happy to die !
But what's so blessed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maist be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

SO shall I liue, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceiued husband, so loues face
May still seem loue to me, though alter'd new :
Thy lookes with me, ' thy heart in other place.
For there can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the false hearts history
Is writ in moods and frownes and wrinckles strange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet loue should ever dwell,
What are thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence but sweetnesse tell.
How like *Eaves* apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

E 2

THEY

XCIV.

THEY that haue powre to hurt and will doe none,
 That do not do the thing they most doe shewe;
 Who mouing others, are themselves as stone,
 Vnmoued, could, and to temptation flow:
 They rightly do inheritt heauens graces,
 And husband natures riches from expence,
 They are the Lords and Owners of their faces,
 Others, but stewards of their excellence:
 The sommer's flowre is to the sommer sweet,
 Though to it selfe it onely liue and die,
 But if that flowre with base infection meete,
 The basest weed out-braues his dignity:
 For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
 Lillies that fester smell far worse then weeds.

XCV.

HOW sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,
 Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
 Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
 Oh in what sweets dost thou thy sinnes inclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
 (Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
 Naming thy name, blessing an ill report.
 Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
 And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!

Take

Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

XCVI.

SOME say thy fault is youth, some wantoness,

Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse :

Thou makst faults graces that to thee resort :

As on the finger of a throned Queene

The basest Iewell will be well esteem'd :

So are those errors that in thee are seene,

To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.

How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,

If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate.

How many gazers mightst thou lead away,

If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state ?

But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,

As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

HOW like a Winter hath my absence beene

From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare ?

What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies seene ?

What old Decembers barenesse euery where ?

And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,

The teeming Autumne, big with rich increase,

Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,

Like widdowed wombs after their Lords decease :

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,

But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,

For Summer and his pleasures waite on thee;
 And thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or if they sing 'tis with so dull a cheere,
 That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

XCVIII

FROM you haue I beene absent in the Spring,
 When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
 Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
 That heauie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.
 Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
 Could make me any summers story tell:
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the Rose,
 They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:
 Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
 Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX.

THE forward violet thus did I chide, (that smells
 Sweet theefe, whence didst thou steale thy sweet
 If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells?
 In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,
 The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
 The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,

Our

Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire :
A third nor red, nor white, had some of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker ate him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or culler it had some from thee.

WHere art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subjects light?
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise resty Muse, my loues sweet face suruay,
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,
If any, be a *Sarme* to decay,
And make times spoiles dispis'd euery where.
Giue my loue fame faster than time wasts life,
So thou preuent his fieth, and crooked knife.

CL

OH truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends :
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd :

Make answer Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
 Truth needs no collour, with his collour fixt,
 Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay;
 But best is best, if neuer intermixt.
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
 To make him much out-live a gilded tombe;
 And to be praïsd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how
 To make him seeme long hence, as he shoves now.

CII.

MY loue is strengthened though more weak in seeming
 I loue not lesse, though lesse the show appeare,
 That loue is marchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming,
 The owners tongue doth publish euery where.
 Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
 As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies;
 Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now,
 Then when her mournfull hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild musick burthens euery bow,
 And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.
 Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue;
 Because I would not dull you with my songe.

Alack

CIII.

ALack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,
That hauing such a skope to shew her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glasse and there appears a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace,
Were it not finfull then struiuing to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well?
For to no other passe my Verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell,
And more, much more, than in my verse can fit,
Your owne glasse shoues you, when you looke in it.

CIV.

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde
Haue from the Forrests shooke three Summers pride,
Three beautilous springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In proceſſe of the seasons haue I seene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are Greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your sweete hew, which methinkes still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.

For

For fear of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

CV.

LET not my loue be cal'd Idolatric,
Nor my beloued as an Idoll show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,
One thing expresseing, leaues out difference.
Faire, kinde and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde, and true, varying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, neuer kept seate in one.

CVL

WHen in the Chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beautie making beautifull old rime,
In praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique Pen would haue exprest,
Euen such a beautie as you maister now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,

And

And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
They had not still enough your worth to sing:
For we which now behold these present dayes,
Haue eyes to wonder, but lack tounge to praisse.

CVII.

NOT mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,
Suppos'de as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'd,
And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,
Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'd,
And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age,
Now with the drops of his most balmie time,
My loue looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spight of him I liue in this poore time,
While he insults ore dull and speechlesse tribes.

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

CVIII.

WHat's in the braine that Inck may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
What's new to speake, what now to register,
That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?
Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,
I must each day say ore the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thinke,
Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name.

So

So that eternall loue in loues fresh cale,
 Waighes not the dust and iniury of age,
 Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place,
 But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of loue there bred,
 Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

CIX.

O Neuer say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
 As easie might I from my selfe depart,
 As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:
 That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,
 Like him that trauels I returne againe,
 Iust to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
 So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
 Neuer beleue though in my nature raig'n'd
 All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good:
 For nothing this wide Vniuerse I call,
 Saue thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

CX.

A Las 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
 And made my selfe a motley to the view,
 Gor'd mine owne thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
 Alconce and strangely: But by all aboue,

These

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

61

These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
And worfe essaies prou'd thee my best of loue,
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.
Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,
Euen to thy pure, and most, most louing brest.

CXI.

O For my sake do you wish fortune chide
The guiltie Goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds:
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke
Potions of Eysell, gainst my strong infection,
No bitterneffe that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

CXII.

Your loue and pittie doth th'impression fill,
Which vulgar scandall stamp't vpon my brow,
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?

You

You are my All the world, and I must finde
 To know my flatter and praises from your tongue;
 None else to see, nor I to none else,
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong,
 In so profound *Disse* I throw all care
 Of others voyces, that my Adders sense,
 To crytick and to flatterer stopped are:
 Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence,
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
 And that which goveras me to goe about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:
 For it no forme deliuers to the heart
 Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
 Of his quick objects hath the minde no part,
 Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet-faour, or deformedst creature,
 The mountaine or the sea, the day or night:
 The Cree, or Dons, it shapeth them to your feature,
 Incapable of more repleat, with you,
 My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

Or

CXIV.

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
 Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
 Or whether shall I say mine eye faith true,
 And that your loue taught it this *Assume*?
 To make of monsters, and things indigent,
 Such cherubines as your sweet ieffe resemble,
 Creating euery bad a perfect best
 As fast as objects to his beames assemble:
 Oh tis the first, tis flattery in my feeling,
 And my great minde most kingly drinks it up,
 Mine eye well knowes what with his gull is greeting,
 And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
 If it be poison'd, tis the leffer sinne,
 That mine eye loues it, and doth first beginne.

CXV.

THose lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
 Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,
 Yet when my judgement knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer,
 But reckening time, whose million'd accidents
 Creepe in twixt vows, and change decrees of Kings,
 Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharpest intents,
 Diuert strong mindes to th' course of altring things:
 Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
 Might I not then say now I loue you best,
 When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:

Loue

Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so
To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue :
O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempests, and is neuer shaken ;
It is the star to euery wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his highth be taken.
Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome :
If this be error, and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

CXVII.

ACcuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent been with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I haue hoysted faile to al the windes
Which should transport me farthest from your sight,
Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,
And on iust prooffe surmise, accumulate,

Bring

Bring me within the level of your frowne,
But shoote not at me in your wakened hate :
Since my appeale saies I did strue to prooue
The constancy and virtue of your loue.

CXVIII.

Like as to make our appetites more keene,
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to prevent our malladies vnscene,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge.
Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding ;
And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state,
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

CXIX.

What potions haue I drunke of Syren teares,
Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win ?
What wretched Errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer ?
How haue mine eyes out of their Spheares been fitted
In the distraction of this madding feuer?

O benefit of ill, now I find true
 That better is by euill still made better,
 And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
 Growes fairer than at first, more strong, far greater?
 So I returne rebukt to my content,
 And gaine by ills thrife more then I haue spent.

CXX.

THat you were once vnkind be-friends me now,
 And for that sorrow which I then didde feele,
 Needes must I vnder my transgre o n bow,
 Vnlesse my Nerues were brasse or hammered Steele.
 For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken
 As I by yours, y^e haue past a hell of time,
 And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
 To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
 O that our night of wo might haue remembred
 My deepest fence, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
 The humble salue, which wounded bosomes fits!
 But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,
 Mine ransomes yours, and yours must ransome mee.

CXXI.

TIS better to be vile then vile esteemed,
 When not to be receiues reproach of being,
 And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
 For why should others false adulterat eyes
 Giue salutation to myf portine blood?

Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
At my abuses, reckon vp their owne.
I may be straight, though they themselues be beuel
By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
Vnlesse this generall euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

CXXII.

THY guift, thy tables, are within my braine
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date, euen to eternitie.
Or at the least so long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to subfist,
Til each to ra z'd obliuion yeeld his Part
Of thee, thy record neuer can be mist:
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold
To trust those tables that receaue thee more,
To keepe an adiunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee.

CXXIII.

NO Time, thou shalt not boſt that I doe change,
Thy pyramids buylt vp with newer might
To me are nothing nouell, nothing ſtrange,
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight:

Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire
 What thou dost foyst vpon vs that is oulde,
 And rather make them borne to our desire,
 Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould :
 Thy registers and thee I both desie,
 Not wondring at the present nor the past,
 For thy records, and what we see doth lye,
 Made more or les by thy continuall hast :

This I doe vow, and this shall euer be,
 I will be true dispight thy lyeth and thee.

CXXIV.

YF my deare loue were but the childe of state,
 It might for fortunes basterd be vnfathered,
 As subiect to times loue, or to times hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd:
 No it was builded far from accident,
 It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls
 Vnder the blow of thralled discontent,
 Whereto th'inuiting time our fashion calls :
 It feares not policy that *Hereticke*,
 Which workes on leases of short numbred howers,
 But all alone stands hugely pollitick,
 That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.
 To this I witnes call the soles of time,
 Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

WER:

CXXV.

WER't ought to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honoring,
 Or layd great Bases for eternity,
 Which proues more short than waste or ruining?
 Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent
 For compound sweet, forgoing simple fauor,
 Pittiful thriuors in their gazing spent.
 Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
 Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutuall render, onely me for thee.

Hence, thou subbornd *Informer*, a trew soule
 When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

CXXVI.

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,
 Doe'st hould times fickle glasse, his fickle hower:
 Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'st
 Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'st.
 If Nature (soueraigne misteres ouer wrack)
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee backe,
 She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
 Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
 She may detaine, but not still keepe her trefure!
 Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,
 And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

(

)

(

)

CXXVII.

IN the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
 Or if it weare it bore not beauties name :
 But now is blacke beauties successiue heire,
 And Beautie slander'd with a bastard shame,
 For since each hand hath put on natures power,
 Fairing the foule with arts faulſe borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy boure,
 But is profan'd, if not liues in disgrace.
 Therefore my Miſterſſe eyes are Rauē blacke,
 Her eyes ſo ſuted, and they mourners ſeeme,
 At ſuch who not borne faire no beautie lack,
 Slandering Creation with a falſe eſteem,
 Yet ſo they mourne, becomming of their woe,
 That euery tounge ſaies beauty ſhould looke ſo,

CXXVIII.

HOW oft when thou my muſike muſike playſt
 Vpon that bleſſed wood whose motion ſounds
 With thy ſweet fingers, when thou gently ſwayſt
 The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
 Do I enuie thoſe Iackes that nimble leape
 To kiſſe the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whiſt my poor lips which ſhould that harueſt reape
 At the woods boldnes by the bluſhing ſtand.
 To be ſo tikled they would change their ſtate
 And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,

Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blest than liuing lips,
Since sawfie Iackes so happy are in this,
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse,

CXXIX.

TH'expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is periurd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Inioyd no sooner but dispised straight;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad.
Made in pursut, and in possession so,
Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,
A blisse in prooffe and proude and very wo,
Before a joy proposd, behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes, yet none knowes well
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

MY Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun:
If haire be wiers black wiers grow on her head:
I haue seene Roses damaskt, red and white,
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.

I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,
 That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound :
 I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
 My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground,
 And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare
 As any she beli'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

THou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell ;
 For well thou know'st to my deare dotting hart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone ;
 To say they erre I dare not be so bold,
 Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
 And to be sure that is not false I sweare
 A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,
 One on anothers necke do witnesse beare
 Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.
 In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander as I thinke proceeds.

CXXXII.

THine eies I loue, and they as pittying me,
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
 Haue put on black, and lousing mourners bee,
 Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine,
 And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,

Nor

Nor that full Starre that viuers in the Eauen,
Doth halfe that glory to the sober West,
As those two morning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beseeme thy heart
To mourne forme, since mourning doth thee grace,
And sute thy pittie like in euery part.

Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;
I't not ynough to torture me alone,
But slaue to slavery my Iweet'st friend must be.
Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
Of him, my selfe, and thee, I am forsaken,
A torment thrice three-folde thus to be crossed:
Prison my heart in thy Steele bosomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me let my heart be his garde,
Thou canst not then vse rigor in my Iaile:
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

SO now I haue confest that he is thine,
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my Comfort still:

But

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,
 He learnd but suretie-like to write for me,
 Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou vsurer that put'st forth all to vse,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake,
 So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.
 Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,
 He paises the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

WHo euer hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
 And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,
 More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
 To thy sweet *Will* making addition thus.
 Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
 Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
 And in my will no faire acceptance shine?
 The sea all water yet receiues raine still,
 And in aboundance addeth to his store,
 So thou being rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,
 Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

IF thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
 I Swear to thy blinde soule that I was thy *Will*,
 And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
 Thus farre for loue, my loue-fute sweet fullfill.
Will will fullfill the treasure of thy loue,
 I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
 In things of great receipt with ease we prooue.
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me passe vntold,
 Though in thy stores account I one must be,
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,
 That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.
 Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,
 And then thou louest me, for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

THou blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold and see not what they see :
 They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
 Be anchor'd in the baye where all men ride;
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
 Whereto the iudgment of my heart is tide ?
 Why should my heart thinke that a seuerall plot,
 Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place ?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
 To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,

In

In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII.

When my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I do beleue her though I know she lyes,
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress't :
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust ?
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

CXXXIX.

O Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge,
Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art,
Tell me thou lou'st else-where ; but in my sight,
Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my ore-prest defence can bide ?
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie looks haue beene mine enemies,
And

And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
That they else-where might dart their iniuries:

Yet do not so, but since I am neere flaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

CXL.

BE wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
My tounge-tide patience with too much disdain:
Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse

The manner of my pittie, wanting paine,
If I might teach thee witte better it weare,

Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
As tellie sick-men when their deaths be neere,

No newes but health from their Phisitions know,
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,

And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,

Madde slanderers by madde eares beleueed be,
That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,

Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe
wide

CXLL.

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,

But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
Who in dispight of view is pleasd to dote.

Nor are mine ears with thy tounge tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,

Nor taste nor smell desire to be inuited
To any sensuall feast with thee alone:

But

But my fine wits, nor my fine senses can
 Diswade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves vassal'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud hearts slave, and vassall wretch to be :
 Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
 That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

CXLII.

L Oue is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
 Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,
 O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
 And thou shalt finde it merrits not reproouing,
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of loue as oft as mine,
 Robd others beds reuenges of their rents.
 Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those,
 Whom thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
 Loose pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
 Thy pittie may deserue to pittied bee.
 If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide
 By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

CXLIII.

L OE as a carefull huswife runnes to catch
 One of her fether'd creatures broake away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay :
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent

To follow that which flies before her face
Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee a farre behind;
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part, kisse me, be kind,
So will I pray that thou maist haue thy Will,
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

CXLIV.

TWO loues I haue of comfort and dispaire,
Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worser spirit a woman collour'd il,
To win me soone to hell my femall euill,
Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
And would corrupt my saint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I gesse one angel in an others hel.
Yet this I nere know, but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

THose lips that Loues owne hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my wofull state,

Straight,

Straight in her heart did mercie come,
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet,
 Was wise in giuing gentle dome;
 And taught it thus a new to greeke:
 I hate the alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heauen to hell is flowne away.
 I hate, from hate away she threw,
 And san'd my life, saying not you.

CXLVI.

POore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
 My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
 Painting thy outward walls so collie gay!
 Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,
 Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall wormes inheritors of this exesse
 Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
 Then soule liue thou upon thy seruants losse,
 And let that pine to aggraunt my store:
 Buy tearmes diuine in selling houres of drosser
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

MY

CXLVII.

MY loue is as a feauer, longing still,
 For that which longer nurseth the Disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preferue the ill,
 Th'vncertaine sickle appetite to please:
 My reason the Phisition to my loue,
 Angry that his Prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approoue,
 Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantick madde with euer-more vnrest,
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
 At random from the truth vainely exprest.
 For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

CXLVIII.

O Me! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
 Which haue no correspondence with true sight,
 Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
 What meanes the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
 Loue's eye is not so true as all mens: no,
 How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
 That is so vext with watching and with teares?
 No maruaile then though I mistake my view,
 The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres.

O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

CXIX

CAns't thou, O cruell, say I loue thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pertake:
Doe I not thinke on thee when I forget
Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom frown'st thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou low'st on me doe I not spend
Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?
What merrit do I in my selfe respect,
That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But loue hate on, for now I know thy minde,
Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind.

CL

OH from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway,
To make me giue the lie to my true sight,
And sweare that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becomming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and see just cause of hate?

Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
If thy vnworthinesse rais'd loue in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

CLL

Loue is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knows not conscience is born of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amisse,
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my grosse bodies treason,
My soule doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason,
But ryfing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call,
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

CLII.

IN louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing;
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I breake twenty: I am perjur'd most,
For all my vowe are othes but to misuse thee:
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.

For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy-deepe kindnesse :
 Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
 And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,
 Or made them swere against the thing they see.

For I haue sworne thee faire : more periurde eye,
 To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleepe,
 A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,
 And his loue-kindling fire did quickly sleepe
 In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground :
 Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
 A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,
 And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,
 Against strang malladies a soueraigne cure :
 But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired,
 The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
 I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
 And tæther hied a sad distemperd guesst.

But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
 Where *Cupid* got new fire ; my mistres eye.

CLIV.

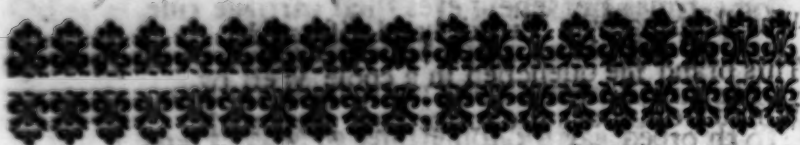
THE little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,
 Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
 Whilst many Nymphes that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
 The fayrest votary tooke vp that fire,
 Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd.

A Louers Complaint.

83

And so the Generall of hot desire,
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseas'd, but I my Mistresse thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.



A Lovers Complaint.

From off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded
 A plaintfull story from a fistring vale,
 My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
 And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale;
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a twaine,
 Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a platted hieue of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
 Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
 The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,
 Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,
 Some beauty peepr, through lettice of fear'd age.

Oft did she heaue her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited charecters:
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine,
 That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
 And often reading what contents it beares;
 As often shriking vndistinguisht wo,
 In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-

A Louers Complaint.

83
87

Some-times her leheld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the Spheres intend,
Sometime diuerst their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on, anon their gales send
To euery place at once and no where fixt,
The mind and sight distractedly commixt.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formal plar,
Proclaim'd in her a carelesse hand of pride;
For some vntuck'd descended her shew'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,
Some in her threeden fillet mill did bide,
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,
Of amber, chriSTALL, and of bedded Iet,
Which one by one she in a riuer threw,
Vpon whose weeping margent she was set,
Like vsery applying wet to wet,
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries some, but where excesse begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
Which she perusd, sighd, tore and gaue the flud,
Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,

With fleided filke, feate and affectedly
Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eies,
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,
What unapprooued witnes doost thou beare !
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned neare !
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,
Sometime a blusterer that the ruffle knew
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
The swiftest houres obserued as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew :
And priuiledg'd by age desires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he down vppon his greyned bar ;
And comely distant sits he by her side,
When hee againe desires her, being satte,
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide :
If that from him there may be ought applyed
Which may her suffering extasie assuage
Tis promist in the charitie of age.

Father she saies, though in me you behold
The iniury of many a blasling houre ;

Let

A Lovers Complaint.

39

Let it not tell your Iudgement I am old,
Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power;
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower,
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards so commended,
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling, and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euery light occasion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde:
For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like vnborne veluet on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that cost most deare,
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His

His qualities were beautilous as his forme,
 For maiden tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
 Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme
 As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
 When windes breath sweet, vnruely though they bee.
 His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
 Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
 That horse his mettell from his rider takes,
 Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
 And controuerfie hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manna'd'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
 His reall habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplisht in him-selfe, not in his case:
 All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,
 Can for addicions, yet their purpold trimme
 Peec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong
 For his aduantage still did wake and deep,
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weepe :

He

A Lawyers Complaint.

31

He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will,

That he didde in the general bosome raigie
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In personal duty, following where he haunted,
Consent's bewitch'd ere he desire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Askt their own wils, and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette,
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th'imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and manions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in vaine pleasures to bestow them,
Then the true goury Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart :
My wofull selfe that did in freedom stand,
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Referu'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,

Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,
 With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,
 Experience for me many bulwarkes builded
 Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
 Of this false Iewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,
 The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,
 Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content
 To put the by-past perrils in her way?
 Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:
 For when we rage, aduise is often seene
 By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood;
 That we must curbe it vppon others prooffe,
 To be forbid the sweets that seemes so good,
 For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe:
 O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe!
 The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
 Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last,

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
 And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
 Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
 Knew vows were euer brokers to defiling,
 Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
 And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

And

A Lovers Complaint.

93

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,
Till thus hee gan besiege me : Gentle maid,
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pittie
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,
For feasts of loue I have bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind :
Loue made them not, with aſſure they may be,
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
They sought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did find,
And ſo much leſſe of ſhame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproch containes.

Among the many that mine eyes haue ſeen,
Not one whole flame my heart ſo much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th' ſmalleſt teene,
Or any of my leiſures euer Charmed,
Harne haue I done to them, but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies ſent me,
Of palyd pearles, and rubies red as blood :
Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me
Of greeſe and bluſhes, aptly vnderſtood,
In bloodleſſe white, and the encrimſon'd mood,

Effects

Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp't in hearts but fighting outwardly:

And lo behold these tallents of their heir,
 With twisted mettle amorously impleacht
 I haue receau'd from many a feuerall faire,
 Their kind acceptance wepingly beseecht,
 With th'annexions of faire gems iuricht,
 And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie
 Each stones deare Nature, worth and quality.

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
 Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend,
 The deepe Greene Emerald in whose fresh regard,
 Weake fights their sickly radience do amend,
 The heauen hew'd Saphir and the Ophal blend
 With obiects manyfold; each feuerall stone
 With wit well blazon'd smil'd or made some mone.

Lo all these trophice of affections hot,
 Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoord them not,
 But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:
 That is to you my origin and ender:
 For these of force must your oblations be,
 Since I their Aulter, you en patrone me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phrased hand,
 Whose white weigheas downe the airy scale of praise,

Take

A Boyers Complaint.

99

Take all these families to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning luges did raise:
What me your minister for you obaies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcells in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest hauiings made the blossoms dote,
For she was sought by spirits of ritcheest cote,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,
To spend her lining in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labourist to leaue,
The thing we haue not, mairing what not sirlues,
Playing the Place which did no forme receiue,
Playing patient sports in vnconstrained giues,
She that her fame so to herselfe contriues,
The scarres of battaile Icapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,
The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force subdewe,
And now she would the caged cloister flie:
Religious loue put out religious eye:
Not to be temptred would she be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,
 Have emptied all their fountaines in my well:
 And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
 I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,
 Must for your victory vs all congeest,
 As compound loue to phisick your cold breest.

My parts had powre to charms a sacred Sunne,
 Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
 Beleen'd her eies, when they r'assaile begun,
 All voves and consecrations giuing place:
 O most potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space
 In thee hath neither sling, knot, nor confine
 For thou art all, and all things els are thine.

When thou impressst what are precepts worth
 Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filiall feare, lawe, kindred, fame, (shame
 Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst sence, gainst
 And sweetens in the suffering pangues it beares,
 The *Alloes* of all forces, shokes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
 Feeling it breake, with beeding groanes they pine,
 And supplicant their sighes to you extend,
 To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine,
 Lending soft audience to my sweet designe,

And

And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,
That shall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This said his warrie eies he did dismount,
Whose sightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount,
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed apace :
Oh how the channell to the streame gaue grace !
Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,
That flame through water which their hew incloses.

Oh father what a hell of witch-craft lies
In the smal orb of one perticular tear !
But with the invndation of the eies :
What rocky heart to water will not weare ?
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modesty, hot wrath :
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares :
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtile matter,
Applied to Cautills, all straining formes receiues,

Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
 Or sounding paleness: and he takes and leaues,
 In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues:
 To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes,
 Or to turne white and sound at tragick shewes,

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
 Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme,
 Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
 And vaild in them, would winne whom he would maime,
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaime.
 When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
 He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chastitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
 The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
 That th'vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
 Which like a Cherubin about them houer'd,
 Who young and simple would not be so leuerd.
 Ayme me I fell, and yet do question make,
 What I should do againe for such a sake.

O that infected moysture of his eye,
 O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd
 O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
 O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowd,
 O all that borrowed motion seeming owed;
 Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
 And new peruert a reconciled Maide.

F I N I S.

